

GLADYS BROOKS' PARTIES.

By Ernest Gilmore.

You have heard about parties without "fuss and feathers," have you not? Well, I want to tell you about a dear little girl who gave parties without any "fuss" but with a good many "feathers." It came about in this way: Gladys Brooks noticed the little sparrows hopping about in the cold snow crust and in the frozen ground, vainly seeking for a bit of grain.

"Mamma," she said, "I think the birdies are hungry. See them hunting and hunting for something to eat, and all they can find is snow. Poor little creatures! What can I feed them, mamma?"

"Ask Dinah for a piece of stale bread," was the answer, "and you can crumble it up for the sparrows."

That was Gladys' first party. She put on her coat and went outside where several English sparrows seemed to be searching vainly for a meal. When she crumbled some bread and scattered it on the snow crust they flew away as though fearful that an enemy was at hand. Gladys went inside to "watch and wait." Presently the birds reappeared, one, two, three, four, five, six of them. Gladys laughed aloud to see how happy her "guests" were, hopping around and picking up the crumbs from the unexpected feast. Soon more company came—three native sparrows. They found plenty to eat, too. The following day was cold and blustering, but Gladys gave another party. To this one there were still more guests, mostly English and native sparrows, but there came also a beautiful bird in a blue jacket, which Mrs. Brooks told Gladys was a bluebird. The bluebird apparently enjoyed the party as much as the sparrows did. For refreshments the guests had in addition to the bread crumbs a big piece of stale cake broken into bits.

The next day it stormed so hard that there was no party; there were no birds to be seen. Gladys told her mother that she was afraid the birds would starve, but Mrs. Brooks said:

"No, my dear, they will not starve; they had plenty to eat yesterday." The storm lasted two days and during that time not a bird was to be seen. The third day dawned clear and bright, but very cold. There was a glistening coat of ice on the snow. The birds came early to the party; in fact they were on hand before the feast was spread and as "hungry as hunters," Gladys said laughingly. They ran over the shining snow crust expectantly, picking here and there as if to find a crumb.

"I guess they will not be afraid of me any more," said Gladys. "I guess they know I will give them something to eat."

Gladys looked like a "red bird" herself, at least so her mother said, as she ran out in the yard in her red riding-hood cloak and her basket of good things in her hands. Gladys was right. The birds were not afraid of her. To be sure they scattered about when she began to distribute the refreshments, but they did not go away.

Little innocent creatures! They did not know about God. They did not know that the dear Jesus had said, "They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." But

they knew that they were being fed, and they were happy and content.

This was an unusual feast "after the storm," for when Gladys told Dinah that the birds must be quite hungry after their long fast the cook had answered, "You might give them all those green tops of the celery—birds just love celery." And so in addition to the usual crumbs of bread, crackers and cake, there were tiny bits of green at the party. How the birds enjoyed it!

There were some new guests at the party that day. Besides the English and native sparrows and two bluebirds there came a jay and several little snowbirds, and lastly, a cardinal bird with its warm glow.

Just one thing more I want to tell you about Gladys Brooks. She did not get tired of giving these parties. All winter long there was not a hungry bird in the vicinity of her home. Not until the snow and ice had gone and the green things had begun to grow did she give up her parties for the birdies.—The Christian Intelligencer.

LITTLE BOYS AND LITTLE SHEEP.

Joe came home with his clothes, and even his curls, all wringing wet. "Just knew the ice wasn't strong 'nough!" he grumbled.

"Then why did you slide?" asked auntie.

"'Cause all the other boys did," said Joe; "so I had to, or they'd laugh."

His aunt gave him dry clothes, set him down by the fire, and made him drink hot ginger tea. Then she told him a story.

"When I was a little girl, Joe, my father had a great flock of sheep. They were queer things; where one went, all the rest followed. One day the big ram found a gap in the fence, and he thought it would be fun to see what was in the other field. So in he jumped, without looking where he was going, and down he tumbled to the bottom of an old dry well where father used to throw stones and rubbish. The next sheep never stopped to see what had become of him, but jumped right after, and the next, and the next, although father tried to drive them back, and Watch, our sheep-dog, barked his loudest. But they just kept on jumping and jumping, till the well was full. Then father had to pull them out as fast as he could, and the sheep at the bottom of the well were almost smothered to death."

"My, what silly fellows!" exclaimed Joe. Then he looked up at his aunt, and laughed.—London Sunday-School Times.

BEDROOM CONUNDRUMS.

If you woke up in the night thirsty, what would you do? Look under the bed and find a spring.

What would you do for a light? Take a feather from the pillow, that's light enough.

What would you do in case of fire? Go to the window and watch the fire escape.

If hungry in the night, what would you do? Take a roll.

If you wished to write a letter? Take a sheet.

If you were feeling sad, what would you do? Look on the bed for a comforter.